PAUL FLANDERS
DRAWER Z

6-40

SAYS THE EDITOR

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 12 • No. 11 | CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • MARCH 15, 1940 | FIVE CENTS

Van Riper-Townsend Machine Starts New Era in Carmel Municipal Politics

DON'T LET THEM FOOL YOU

When the Van Riper-Townsend-Army (retired) machine gets into working order in this municipal campaign—and Frank Townsend will get it started with promptness and efficiency—you'll be contacted in regard to your vote, or votes, at the election April 9. Don't let them fool you. Ask yourself if you want a council controlled by the machine-elected Godwin, Evans and McCreery. Individually they are good men, and true. One of them on the council would be good; two of them wouldn't be bad; three machine-elected councilmen would constitute a menace to the better life in this community.

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PRAISE FOR BOB LEIDIG

At the council meeting last week, while the discussion relative to fire protection for the new high school was going on, the fire alarm siren blew. Fire Chief Bob Leidig, sitting in the council lobby, rushed forth. While he was gone, Councilman Bernard Rowntree took occasion to call the council's attention to the conscientious service rendered to the city by the fire chief. He wasn't referring to the prompt action of the chief in answering that alarm. What he was referring to, however, developed as a result of that alarm. The blaze was found to have been caused by a bonfire left unattended. Chief Leidig didn't like it. He particularly didn't like it because the offender had previously offended in a like manner. He promptly swore to a complaint for the arrest of said offender and the city judge fined the man $25. Leidig takes his job seriously—he's been taking it seriously for an uninterrupted period of 25 years.

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PENINSULA NEWSPAPERS SORT OF DO KIT WHITMAN DIRT

Kit Whitman took a terrific beating last week-end.

She was hit by the inefficiency of publicity or, rather, what can be the devastating boomerang of it.

You see, Kit sponsors things, and with decided success. If you let her alone she would do swell. That is, if the newspapers would let her alone. They want to help her, but they are so bungling about it.

For instance:

Kit is sponsoring the Vallely lectures at Del Monte. They have been going on at intervals of a month since last October. Well, there is one scheduled for next Friday (tomorrow now) at Del Monte. In the effort to help Kit, and decidedly not helping her, here's the contribution of the three newspapers generally read in Carmel:

THE CYMBAL led off with a nice front page story in last Friday's issue with the headline: "Lorita Vallely Lectures Today." The story said "today" also. That was a week too soon.

The Pine Cone in its issue of the same day announced in its Events Calendar that the lecture was "today" and followed the calendar with a story to that effect. (Also a week too soon.)

Comes the *Peninsula Herald* on Saturday with a correct story of the lecture to take place Friday, March 15, but with the headline: "Dr. and Mrs. Burnett Hosts at Luncheon."

Kit thinks that hereafter she'll

(Continued on Page Two)

CARMEL'S HIGH SCHOOL WPA PROJECT IS APPROVED

A WPA project totalling $125,000 has been approved for the Carmel Unified School district. That means, for the new junior-senior high school plant.

This project, $30,650 of which is charged to the school district as a sponsor contribution, is in addition to the construction contract recently given to Hal Geyer at approximately $120,000.

Which means that construction of the plant to the total cost of approximately $245,000 is assured. This will complete the proposed plant with the exception of the gymnasium, cafeteria and music room, shop with classrooms, and swimming pool.

News that the WPA application of the school district had been approved was received by Peter Mawdsley, chairman of the school board, in the following telegram from Congressman J. Z. Anderson:

"Have just been informed by WPA that Carmel Unified School District project 40,222 has been approved. Further action depends entirely upon discretion of WPA administrator for northern California. Suggest you contact William R. Lawson as soon as possible in order to have project allocated."

As far as THE CYMBAL can learn from E. P. Pulliam, district WPA director in Monterey, the allocation of the money for the Carmel project is now only a matter of form and WPA activity in the matter will start with the arrival of the papers from Washington in about 10 days.

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HOUSEHOLDER WHO LEAVES FIRE BURNING IN YARD FINED $25; PAYS IT

A. M. Cheek, living on Casanova street between Ninth and Tenth, appeared before Judge George P. Ross last week on a charge of leaving a bonfire burning without attendance. He admitted himself at fault, praised the fire department for its quick response to the alarm and promised never to let the thing happen again. He was fined $25 which he paid. Chief Bob Leidig, in making the complaint, said that Cheek had been previously guilty of the same unintentional offense.

MORMON TEMPLE ORGANIST TO PLAY AT BACH FESTIVAL

Frank Asper, organist for the great Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, has accepted with expressions of deep pleasure the opportunity to play the organ for the Carmel Bach Festival this year.

Postal Card Poll Favors 1-Hour Parking

Out of 1475 postal card queries sent out, the Carmel Business Association had as of yesterday noon received about 550 expressions of opinion about time-limit parking in the business district.

Of the 550, a total of 486 replies indicated choice of one-hour, two-hour or no-limit parking. Of these 486, there were 317 votes for one-hour parking, 92 for two-hour and 77 for no limit at all.

The postal cards were sent to registered voters in Carmel, the Point and Carmel Woods, and those in Pebble Beach and Point Lobos precincts living near the Carmel city line.

The result of the straw vote will be submitted by Camilla Daniels, secretary, to the business association at its general meeting next Tuesday evening at Hotel La Ribera. The association is then expected to decide on further action, probably submission of the matter to the city council at its regular meeting April 3.

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ANNA MARIE BAER NAMED AS ART SUPERVISOR OF NORTHWEST WORKSHOP

Anna Marie Baer has mounted another hill along her chosen line of life. The popular art teacher, who made such an outstanding record at Sunset in Carmel, and for the past year has been art supervisor for the San Mateo district schools, has accepted the art supervisorship of the University of Washington-Reed College Northwest Regional Council for the June-July period this summer.

Miss Baer will join the resources staff of the council which, according to the Education Workshop brochure, "will include experts thoroughly conversant with their fields." As we have quite recently been informed, the Pacific Northwest Resources and Education Workshop is one of the most important educational organizations in the country.

VOTERS TO WITNESS WELL-OILED DRIVE TO ELECT GODWIN, EVANS, McCREERY; MASTER MINDS THAT ACCOMPLISHED SCHOOL DISTRICT SECESSION TO FUNCTION AGAIN

Dawn has broken on what will probably turn out to be one of the most interesting and exciting city elections Carmel has ever experienced.

Decided contribution to what is intended to be just a perfect example of a smooth, well-oiled adding machine and card-index system of getting votes and putting them where they will do the most good, is made by Charlie Van Riper and his able lieutenant, Frank Townsend, with a contingent of the retired army to act as champing-at-the-bit reserves.

Candidates at Carmel City Election April 9

City Clerk
PETER MAWDSLEY
SAIDEE VAN BROWER

City Treasurer
IRA D. TAYLOR

Councilmen, Short Term
(Two to be elected)
W. K. BASSETT
JOHN CATLIN
FRED GODWIN
P. A. McCREERY

Councilmen, Long Term
(Two to be elected)
KEITH EVANS
BERNARD ROWNTREE
E. L. TAYLOR

The drive is designed to put Fred Godwin, Keith Evans and P. A. McCreery on the city council. This will give the machine a majority, the other two members to be Bert Heron, whose term does not expire for another two years, and Bernard Rowntree, incumbent, whose election with Evans is a certainty. Evans and Rowntree have only Edward L. Taylor opposing them for the two four-year terms vacant on the council, and Taylor has no chance of election. The Van Riper-Townsend machine has no objection to Rowntree sitting with a minority on the council and is virtually endorsing him to win support from the retired army which will openly support him.

So, the machine's big battle will be in the two-year term bracket. There it intends to slide Godwin and McCreery into the council. McCreery isn't definitely the machine candidate, but there again is where the support of the army is considered—McCreery is the army and Ocean avenue business candidate. Look at his list of sponsors! You'll find Mrs. G. H. Totten there, and Hallie Samson and A. C. Lafrenz, and his paper was filed by Major Totten.

It would have made the machine more comfortable if W. K. Bassett had filed for the four-year term instead of the two-year. Then either Bassett or Rowntree would have gone into the council in the minority with Heron, the card-index system being pretty certain to have elected Evans in that bracket.

But with Bassett in the two-year term fight, the situation is going to be different. The machine finds itself with Rowntree a certainty in the four-year field and Bassett a menace to the chances of McCreery in the two-year bracket. With Bassett beating McCreery, and Rowntree now certain to win, the council majority would be Heron, Rowntree and Bassett, a combination that may fit in with the ideas of the people of Carmel, but not at all satisfactory to the Van Riper-Townsend-Army combination.

We have discounted the chances of John Catlin because it is the general impression around town that his manipulations of the police department at the time Bob Norton was made chief and the support of him by Norton now indicate that he will run fourth among the four candidates for the two-year term.

(Continued on Page Two)

P. O. INSPECTOR HERE; INSPECTS SITE OFFERS

The offers of Carl Burrows of a site for the post office at Sixth and Lincoln streets and of M. J. Murphy, Inc., of one at Seventh and Mission, were investigated and the locations inspected Wednesday and Thursday of this week by a Mr. Pressley (no one seemed to get his first name), postal housing inspector from Los Angeles. Pressley is said also to have looked at a third possible site, but we know not where it is.

"The Streets of New York" To Set New All Time High at First Theater, Says Lynda Sargent; Curtain Up Tonight

The magic of single-mindedness has conquered once more for Miss Denny and Miss Watrous. "The Streets of New York" which rings up its curtain for a three-night run tonight at the First Theater in Monterey is the vindication of all the trials they have gone through in attempting so unique a venture and of all the shagginess of former performances. If I am not very mistaken and the gods do not intervene, the Troupers of the Gold Coast can come out on the stage after tonight's final curtain and gather in their sheepskins.

Well, take Jessie Joan Brown, for example. When she first joined up with the organization she was a lovely-to-look-at doll, and just about as badly articulated. She creaked from tibia to fibula. But, ah now! She is breath-taking to watch, like a perfect puppet who seems to have no relation to the little girl who sits making woofs at Mrs. Fraser's looms. So delicately balanced, so perfectly synchronized with her context, so exquisitely stylized. She is exactly what Dene and Hazel have been aiming at and have just now realized.

There are enough exciting examples of this; of people who have stuck to them through many tannings from rawhide to glossy glaze. Willa Mae McIntosh, who has become an honest-to-god trouper; who is funny when she is supposed to be funny and when she is asked to be warm and deeply human in a few

(Continued on Page Four)

use the St. Louis *Democrat*. Maybe nobody here will see it, but even that would be better.

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CAN'T WE DO SOMETHING TO FORESTALL ANOTHER DOG QUARANTINE?

We don't want another dog quarantine—precisely, we don't.

But if we don't look out, we're going to get one.

It will come because of a boring from without; it will come as a result of dogs from presumably rabies-infected areas coming into this territory this summer.

San Francisco and the San Mateo Peninsula have a dog quarantine now. The San Francisco newspapers are printing wails and wails about it in their "vox populi" columns. We wailed and wailed a year ago and two years ago. A dog quarantine here is a damned nuisance and it continues to be a nuisance long after it should be terminated, because it is unenforced and unenforceable.

But if the county board of health comes to the conclusion this summer that dogs are being brought down here from San Francisco and the San Mateo Peninsula, it's just as liable as not to crack down on the Monterey Peninsula with a dog quarantine.

Can't we use a little vigilance now and lessen the possibility of this? Can't we provide a check on incoming families with dogs? Isn't there some way we can prevent the entrance of dogs from these quarantined areas? Isn't it something that should be looked into by dog owners here and the people generally?

We intend to ask the city council about it at its meeting next Wednesday evening. Something should be done to prevent another quarantine here. —W. K. B.

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Paradise Park Work To Start Next Tuesday

Things will get going next week in Paradise Park, the Jimmie Doud-Billy Hudson recent acquisition which is slated, by them, at least, to become one of the choice residential districts of Carmel.

"As a matter of fact, the first earth will be turned on Tuesday by the trusty tractor of Frank De Amaral who, by that time, will have completed the excavation work for the new Goold building addition at Sixth and San Carlos.

A tentative plat of the Paradise Park sub-division has been drawn and it now awaits acceptance by the State realty board and the city of Carmel. In the meantime, De Amaral will set to work removing the few dead or dying or unattractive pine trees. Of course, the new owners of the property have the wisdom to retain every tree possible in the beautifully-wooded tract. Only that portion of the property north of Ocean avenue will be subdivided at this time. This includes 10 acres and will allow for 80 spacious and attractively shaped homesite lots.

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TWO SECTION MEETINGS OF WOMAN'S CLUB NEXT WEEK

Carmel Woman's Club section meetings for week of March 18 are:

Book Section, Wednesday, Mar. 20, 10:30 a.m. at Pine Inn, when Dr. Helen McKnight Doyle will review her own book, "Mary Austin." She is the author of "A Child Went Forth."

Garden Section, Thursday, Mar. 21, at 10:30 a.m. at the home of Mrs. H. S. Nye, Dolores and Eleventh.

Here's Who Backs Whom For Carmel Council Seats

A total of 77 citizens have signed the nomination papers of the ten candidates whose names will face the voters on April 9. Here is the list.

CITY TREASURER

Ira D. Taylor, incumbent. No opposition. Sponsors: John E. Abernethy, E. H. Ewig, Harry E. Farley, Dr. John R. Gray, John B. Jordan, John L. Schroeder, Robert P. Spencer, Lloyd E. Weer, James T. Williams.

CITY CLERK

Peter Mawdsley. Sponsors: Tom Douglass, E. H. Ewig, Fred Godwin, Mary V. Hathaway, Col. C. G. Lawrence, Helen Levinson, Vera Peck Millis, Emma E. Rendtorff, Everett Smith, E. A. H. Watson.

Saidee Van Brower, incumbent. Sponsors: John B. Jordan, Adolph C. Lafrenz, Laura W. Maxwell, Ellen O'Sullivan, Emma Otey, Whitney Palache, Mrs. Whitney Palache, Margaret P. Taylor, James H. Thoburn, Charles A. Watson.

COUNCILMEN

SHORT TERM, TWO YEARS

W. K. Bassett. Sponsors: Ernest W. Aldrich, Courtland Arne, Tom Douglass, Vera Peck Millis, Pon Lung Chung, Whitney Palache, Mrs. Whitney Palache, Olive G. Stout, James H. Thoburn, Willard Whitney. Paper filed by Bassett.

John Catlin. Sponsors: Courtland Arne, Harry Aucourt, Mary L. Dummage, John B. Jordan, Paul S. Mercurio, Robert A. Norton, Kathleen S. Prewett, Paul C. Prince, James H. Thoburn, Lloyd C. Weer. Filed by Jordan.

Frederick M. Godwin. Sponsors: E. H. Ewig, Samuel I. Hopkins, Talbert Josselyn, Ivan Kelsey, Loren P. Lawler, Alfred Matthews, A. W. McEntire, Ernest F. Morehouse, Judge Thomas Taylor, Charles A. Watson. Filed by Frank Townsend.

Percy A. McCreery. Sponsors: Gail L. Chandler, Dr. John R. Gray, Mrs. John R. Gray, Adolph C. Lafrenz, Col. C. G. Lawrence, Anna W. McCormick, Hallie Samson, L. S. Shapley, Robert P. Spencer, Mrs. G. H. Totten. Filed by Major G. H. Totten.

COUNCILMEN

LONG TERM, FOUR YEARS

Keith B. Evans. Sponsors: John Bathen, Dr. Raymond E. Brownell, D. Charles Gardner, Richard W. Johnson, J. Weaver Kitchen, Thom Neikirk, Emma W. Pope, Frank N. Shea, Frank Townsend, Alfred Wolff. Filed by Shea.

Bernard Rowntree, incumbent. Sponsors: Mary E. Bulkley, Ross E. Bonham, Fred L. Butterfield, Kent Clark, Brig.-Gen. D. W. Hand, Clara N. Kellogg, Alfred Matthews, James B. McGrury, Elizabeth M. Niles, Gene A. Ricketts. Filed by Clark.

Edward L. Taylor. Sponsors: Michael J. Balaza, Ross E. Bonham, Mrs. Ross E. Bonham, Fred L. Butterfield, Russell H. Jones, James B. McGrury, Fred O. Robbins, Otto H. Smith, Robert P. Spencer. Filed by McGrury.

Old Drama Group Plans Play in Forest Theater

The Forest Theater board, still-existing producing organization of the old Arts and Crafts Club, has applied to the Carmel parks and playgrounds commission for use of the rebuilt Forest Theater July 5, 6 and 7. It is planned to produce a play on those dates, but details have not yet been decided.

Frank Townsend was added to the membership of the board when it met Monday afternoon of this week. The other members are H. P. Dickinson, president; E. A. H. Watson, secretary-treasurer; Herbert Heron, Col. C. G. Lawrence, Lita Bathen, Byington Ford, Lloyd Weer, George Seideneck.

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Machine Starts Election Drive

(Continued from Page One)

Also, John Jordan, his principal sponsor and who urged John to run, has got himself into a defeat-rut and doesn't seem to be able to get out of it. You remember, his influence was felt only in Vermont and Maine four years ago and he was on a bad-losing side at the city election in 1938. Also John is a bit worried over the fact that the city council, at its meeting next Wednesday night, is going to discuss the eligibility of John Catlin as a candidate for the council inasmuch as it is reported that Catlin has been living for two years in Carmel Woods, beyond the Carmel city line.

But things are going to be interesting with Charlie Van Riper installing Frank Townsend as campaign manager for the machine drive. Townsend did a masterful piece of work in the campaign for signatures in the outside districts to the Sunset School's petition for withdrawal from the Monterey Union district. He's a good organizer. There's no monkey-business about his tactics. Sentiment doesn't figure in Townsend's method of doing things. He cuts his cards, sharpens his pencils, checks his names and uses his telephone.

Bassett's got a tough job ahead of him to keep the Van Riper-Townsend-Army-Business majority of Godwin, Evans and McCreery off the Carmel city council.

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STEVE PATTERSON HOPES TO OPEN CHOP HOUSE SOMETIME TOMORROW

Steve Patterson wasn't sure when he spoke to us about it, but he is doing his damnedest to get his Old Chop House open for business some time tomorrow in its new location at Sixth and Lincoln streets. The moving of the building two blocks down Sixth was done last week with neatness and dispatch and the necessary improvements have been quickly and effectively accomplished. It looks as though it's going to be a swell joint.

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Cymbal Classified Ads go places, are seen by people and do the strangest things.

Heron's Players Do Irish Things For P-T.A.

Herbert Heron and his Drama Group presented two Irish plays before the Carmel P-T.A. Tuesday at Sunset School library and by so doing gave a special St. Patrick's Day flavor to the meeting as well as providing entertainment of a quality that will long linger in the memory of those present.

Frank Dickinson, Gloria Rollin, Frank De Langton, Oliver Bassett, Allison Maier and Edith Frisbie read the poetic and legendary "Cathleen ni Houlihan" of William Butler Yeats, with Edith Frisbie as old *ni Houlihan* herself and doing a beautifuly poignant thing with it, as Edith would. Gloria Rollin's brogue was rich and clear, and De Langton gave a particularly sensitive interpretation as the son, but each one did his part well.

"The Workhouse Ward," a brief comedy of Lady Gregory's, was read by J. B. Wright and Helena and Bert Heron. It was good to hear Mrs. Heron's voice again. She does Irish things particularly well. All three of these readers assumed convincing brogues, and the piece brought laughter to end the program for the afternoon.

Coffee as well as tea was served afterwards, with the cookies made by some of the class mothers tasting particularly good. —M. W.

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ALL SAINTS' WILL HAVE SPECIAL PALM SUNDAY SERVICE

Next Sunday is Palm Sunday and at All Saints' Church the service of Holy Communion will be held at 8 a.m. At 9:30 a.m. the Church School begins, and at 11 o'clock, at the service of Morning Prayer, the Rev. C. J. Hulsewé will deliver the sermon message. *The Palms* by Faure has been chosen for the offertory and Reu E. Manhire will be the soloist.

On Maundy Thursday, Mar. 21, at 10:30 a.m., the service of Holy Communion will be held. A three-hour service from 12 o'clock noon until 3 p.m., with Meditations on the Seven Words of the Cross, will be held on Good Friday, March 22. Dr. Wilber W. McKee of Carmel Community Church and the Rev. Mr. Hulsewé will jointly give this service.

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LORITA BAKER VALLELY

Distinguished Commentator

in the fifth lecture of the series (each is an independent lecture). Friday, March 15, Hotel Del Monte, at 3:00 p.m.

Telephone 1222 or write Box A-1, Carmel

All lectures are given on the second Friday of the month, except the March lecture.

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Council Passes Zone Law, But May Amend It

At a special meeting called for the purpose Wednesday afternoon of this week, the city council passed on second reading and to print the new teeth-full zoning ordinance which contains a provision for the establishment of a new "liberal" zone within the extreme north-east corner of the present business district. It also passed to print the ordinance calling for a $4500 bond election April 9 for the construction of an addition to the Carmel public library building.

There were a number of protestants against establishment of the so-called C-2 zone which would permit to be established there certain businesses prohibited in C-1, or the remaining portion of the present business district. Protestants argued that a "liberalized" policy in the four blocks specified, bounded by Mission, Torres, Sixth and Fourth, would tend to lower property values there and discriminate in favor of the more restricted business section.

The council members agreed to make a further study of the territory planned to be included in this district and amend the ordinance if necessary.

Those protesting the change included Mr. and Mrs. John Bathen, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Turner, June Delight Canoles, Mae Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. Keith Evans, Bettie Greene, George A. Crone, Margaret Grant, John A. Canoles, Jr., Mayotta B. Comstock, Charles A. Watson, Mrs. Joseph McEldowney, Jr., Mrs. Ella Vaugh, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Byrd, Mr. and Mrs. John Amiel, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Burge, Joseph McEldowney, Jr., Ida McPhillips, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Nielsen, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Peckham, G. R. Young, Mrs. P. L. Stoney, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Romine, Clara A. Mestres, Jessie B. Askew, Gates-Phillips Hotel Corp.

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"DOES GOD SPEAK TO MEN NOW?" DR. McKEE'S TOPIC SUNDAY

"Does God Speak To Men Now? If So, How?" is the topic Dr. Wilber W. McKee of Carmel Community Church has chosen for his sermon message next Sunday.

The Church School begins at 9:45 a.m., and the Minister's Bible Class at 10 a.m. The service of Morning Prayer is held at 11 a.m. Next Sunday a Vesper Communion Service will be held at 4 p.m. and the public is invited.

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The Pacific Highway, U.S. 99, may be used without delay to Oregon points, reports the California State Automobile Association. The pavement extends through the Sacramento Valley via U.S. 99E or U.S. 99W to Red Bluff, thence U.S. 99 via Redding, Dunsmuir, Yreka and to Grants Pass, Oregon.

Dr. Wilber McKee Tenders Resignation As Pastor of Community Church; Will Retire After Long Christian Service

Dr. Wilber W. McKee, pastor of Carmel Community Church for the past two years, has resigned his pastorate. He will leave Carmel in June. Monday evening of this week he presented the following statement to the monthly congregational meeting of the church:

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Thirty-five years ago I was ordained to the Christian ministry. For several years prior to that, I was a student-pastor. All told, I have been at the preaching business for some forty years. It is a long time. I feel the effects of it. The continuous strain has reduced my strength, so that I am no longer able to do as much as I should like to do. Accordingly, I have come to the conclusion that the wise course is to bring my ministry to an early close.

This decision is not as sudden as it may seem. The fact is that I was seriously considering retirement two years ago, before I came to Carmel. But I was persuaded to continue. Last summer I had almost made up my mind to step aside. Then you began to plan the new church. It occurred to me that perhaps I should stay until the noble enterprise was completed, and you were serenely ensconced in your attractive sanctuary. So I lingered on. I have had the satisfaction of seeing the work consummated and the opening celebrated. It is an opportune time to place the torch of spiritual leadership in other hands. With the new church, and the new organ, and the new opportunities, and the new expectancy, your future should be radiant.

Last fall I notified our Methodist headquarters that I wished to be relieved soon after Easter. And now, in fairness to the church, and to my friends outside, I feel that a public announcement is imperative. I make it now, because I want you to have ample time to talk things over among yourselves, and plan for the next year.

I have gone over the entire situation with the San Francisco office, having in mind the best interests of the church. The following arrangement has been made: At the request of Bishop Baker, I will continue as minister until the close of the conference year; that is, up to June 15. During the month of May you may have the privilege of hearing two or three visiting preachers.

I have had a happy pastorate in this quaint and quiet village by the sea. Mrs. McKee and I are grateful for your kindnesses. We have met some superior persons, and have formed golden friendships. We shall carry with us beautiful memories. When our last day comes, we shall "fold our tent, like the Arabs, and as silently steal away."

May the blessing of God, bright as the sun and refreshing as the dew, be upon you today, tomorrow, and while the years of eternity roll!

—Wilber W. McKee

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Cast Is Selected For "What a Life"

"What a Life," the hard-hitting Broadway hit that will bring *Henry Aldrich* to Carmel and the Sunset Auditorium in three weeks, serves also as the vehicle for Marian Todd, in the role of *Henry's* mother, and of Gene Watson, as *Mr. Bradley*, the principal of "Central High School."

This comedy will bring forth the talents of Mitzi Eaton, who has been heard but not seen in three years of conducting her own marionette theater; and also of Roseanne Sprinkle, who is playing *Henry's* girl friend. Roseanne is still in high school, but is planning to go to New York to try for a stage career.

Howard Levinson, one of the "younger veterans" of Carmel dramatics, plays *Henry Aldrich*, and George Gossler, who made a hit as the boy *Barend* in "The Good Hope," plays his friend, *Bill*. Others in the cast are Donnan Jeffers, Frank Dickinson, Russell Shipley, Joy Thompson, Mollie Darling, Frank Hefling, Frank Girard, Louise Welty and Frank de Langton. Kraig Short, Peggy Garguilo, Eleanor Johnston, Bob Elias and several others, will play the part of students.

Vallely Lecture IS Today at Del Monte

The Lorita Baker Vallely lecture IS this afternoon at Hotel Del Monte and we really know what we're talking about this time. Time is 3 o'clock and single tickets have been reduced to $1.10. There are only two more lectures in the series.

This month Mrs. Vallely will take up the possible outcome of the present questioning attitude of people, not only in America, but in all parts of the world. She will also review recent new dissensions in Labor's ranks with a questioning light thrown on its philosophy.

The William Saroyan play, "The Time of Your Life," will be reviewed by her and her book list will contain the more important of the recent publications.

Tea will be served afterwards in the lounge.

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RECORD ENTRY OF 48 SIGN UP FOR WOMEN'S GOLF

There was a record entry of 48 Wednesday morning at the opening of the Pebble Beach Women's Golf Championship. Nearest approach to this figure was 47 in 1929. Last year there were only 16 entries. The reason probably is that most of the women have an eye on the national championship which will be played at Pebble Beach in September, and are taking this opportunity to familiarize themselves with the course.

52 whiffs of the flavor and tang of Carmel—a subscription to The Cymbal is One Dollar a year.

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Cymbal Classified Ads go places, are seen by people and do the strangest things.

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The new spring and summer sport coats express "conservative dash." Made especially for us and our clientele. Beautifully tailored . . . nicely cut . . . of fine fabric . . . with diagonal and herringbone patterns predominating.

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The Carmel Cymbal
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"Streets of N.Y." At First Theater Tonight

(Continued from Page One)

words as she is in the part of *Mrs. Puffy*, does so with a fine competence that you who knew her two years ago will find astonishing. (Wait till you see the shoes and hat she got off the top shelf of a general store somewhere in Nevada last summer. High-buttoned boots; a "ladies' motoring cap." Honest.)

Of course Connie—and especially Connie in Rhoda's lovely costumes—could not improve but only deepens in the grain after the way of her kind. And Lee Crowe . . . ooh, la, la, mesdames, look to your heart-strings . . . wait till you see the flash of his legs, oh me! And John Good's eyes and Wilma Bott's hands and Milt's quivering chin . . .

(Hey, there, shouts W.K., I'm going to review this thing. Stick to your own bailiwick.)

Well, I creep outside it to say, before anything happens to shut me up, watch for a boy named Eddy George who plays *Dan*. He is so good it hurts. He is so good that for a few brief moments you forget to guffaw and slide a little forward in your seat and don't really believe it. He is that good.

Billy Shepard has done a neat piece of directing and is doing an even better job of jumping suddenly with both feet into the long part of *Gideon Bloodgood*. But Billy is a child behind the footlights with a child's absolute certainty about it.

I sat with Rhoda and watched her check up on pins and seams and gussets; saw the costumes she had got up out of bedspreads and the lace off grandma's drawers boiled together with a little horsehair, no doubt, and for luck, steeped in the juice of newborn puppies . . sorcery of some kind.

I'll have to leave something for W.K. to say. Only I reiterate, the old Boucicault melodrama that knocked them down on Broadway in 1857 has got a worthy production here. Bob Bratt, who has learned restraint, brings to it (and some didn't expect it of him) the touch of finesse, the authority, that finally establishes the First Theater melodramas in their proper milieu.

Dickie's sets . . . great heavens, here come the twin ogres, Space and Deadline! Avaunt demons . . . too late . . . too late.

Hypersuperbulous olio under the inspired baton of Spud, in person.

—LYNDA SARGENT

+ + +

52 whiffs of the flavor and tang of Carmel—a subscription to The Cymbal is One Dollar a year.

DEEPLY MOVING

LA BELLE CARMEL

La Belle Carmel
I think you're swell
But I beg you please to tell
Don't NOBODY like NOBODY well?

+

NOT THAT, MY GOD, NOT THAT!

Herbert, Herbert! Say not so!
Folks are running to and fro
Whispering you'll play "Romeo"
Herbert, Herbert, SAY NOT SO!

+

LA DONNA E MOBILE

I stood with dilated nostrils
On the beach at Carmel Bay
I grunted for my lady love
But the bitch had run away.
(And that's the last time I'll take
my landlady's pet out for an airing,
so help me!)

+

THE MISANTHROPE

Marie is a darling
Connie's a dear
But Rudy's a meanie
He wants MONEY for beer!

—JACK LANCASTER

Beller Will Show Travel Movies at Art Gallery

Alvin Beller, whose pastels we know from seeing them consistently on the walls of the Carmel Art Gallery, is showing his moving pictures in color at that gallery Tuesday, Mar. 19, at a "members only" party. He has chosen from his rather imposing collection of "visual memories" from various parts of the western hemisphere, views of New England, pictures taken on a Gloucester fishing schooner on a trip to the Newfoundland Banks and back, pictures taken at the New York World's Fair, and a couple of reels taken down in Mexico. The Mexican pictures include views along the Pan-American highway, in Oaxaca and Lake Patzcuaro, glimpses of a section of the country which people don't ordinarily see. Beller will accompany his pictures with a running commentary, informal in nature.

Beller acquired a Bell & Howell camera in 1930 and promptly forgot about it for five years. As a painter, he traveled in odd corners of the country, and it suddenly dawned on him that it might be a good idea to unearth the camera and bring back, as a memory-refresher, a definite record of his wanderings. Down in Santa Fe last winter he showed the result of his work to a few friends at his studio. They received them so enthusiastically that he was asked to show them to other groups. That's how it all started—not as a substitution for his painting, but as a secondary outlet for a well-organized energy.

—M. W.

+ + +

Cymbal Classified Ads go places, are seen by people and do the strangest things.

Kite Festival Has Tough Time With Wind

This year's annual Carmel Kite Festival wasn't what it might have been, or what it has been on several occasions in the past, because the god of winds was considerably on a rampage. So strong was the breeze, and fitful, that not more than a dozen kites were able to cope with it.

Probably the most outstanding example of successful battle against the problems that presented themselves was that of Alice Morehouse whose entry in the high-flying contest survived against heavy odds. Alice hadn't more than got her blue kite up off the ground and well into the air before another entry dropped across her line. From then on, Alice was compelled to keep her kite up with another one tangled in her string. She stuck to the almost hopeless task and managed to win second prize.

The winners Saturday, given in the order of their places, were:

Best Made Kite

Kindergarten to first grade—Linne Bardarson, Frankie De Amaral, Maryann Wilson, Clara Thomas, Lee Selvey, Bernard Torres, Frances Thomas.

Fourth to sixth grades—Douglas Calley, Edgar Hoffman, Daniel Bell, Stephen Brooks.

Seventh to ninth grades—Raymond McDonald.

Prettiest Kite

Mary Brown, Jennifer Lloyd, Charis Johns, Phyllis Jones.

Oddest Kite

Earl Walls, Ann Pierce, Billy Mayes, Gerald Artellan.

Highest Flying Kite

Russell Bohlke, Alice Morehouse, Bill Monroe.

200-foot Flight Contest

George Moller, Jimmie Greenan, Bob Holm.

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Father Hubbard To Talk Here on March 29

Father Bernard R. Hubbard, professor of geology at Santa Clara University, will speak at Sunset Auditorium Friday evening, Mar. 29, at 8:30. He returns from his recent Bering Sea explorations saying he has brought home a cure for American communists.

"Let them spend two weeks in Siberia," Father Hubbard says. "Siberia is a land ruled by fear. It is a place where no one, native or white, dares express a personal opinion lest he be shot summarily.

"Siberian Eskimos are so terrorized they are afraid to accept as small a thing as a cigarette or a cup of coffee from an American."

Father Tom Cunningham, a Jesuit missionary stationed at Lesser Diomede Island in the Bering Strait (U.S. territory), Father Hubbard explains, was out with a party of Eskimo walrus hunters when forced by a storm to seek shelter on Russia's neighboring Greater Diomede Island.

"Angry Soviet officials," says Father Hubbard, "menaced Father Cunningham with pistols and attempted to place him under arrest. He escaped seizure only because his armed Eskimo hunters, headed by their chief, Uperaluk, refused to permit it."

Father Hubbard is appearing here under the sponsorship of the Soroptimist Club of the Monterey Peninsula and the club's part of the proceeds will be used to aid a local professional woman whose livelihood was cut off when she was stricken with a severe illness.

+ + +

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CLANGING CYMBALS

HI SISSY!
(Part Two)

When Ted was out of sighe over the knoll he began to cry. He stood in the grove of scrub redwood and tears and blood mixed with patches of cow dung on his face. In his left hand he still clutched the slimy apple core and now he hurled it with all force at a scolding bluejay over his head.

"Sonabitch," he said aloud and stopped crying. He picked up fistfuls of wet needles and slammed them after the apple core, trying out some of Kenneth's words relishingly. They rinsed out the small precipitate terrors in his mind and he started to plod on.

But his feet dragged up the trail when he remembered the promise he had made. The thing that had pushed him flying home now had him by the seat of the pants yanking him back. He tried to fix his attention on a small gopher-headed cloud racing up Mescal Ridge but what he saw was the figure of Kenneth's mother with her stringy hair on a pillow that didn't look very clean. Then his own mother with that white look and gleaming. How *could* he ask her such a question as that?

And if he did think up some way to frame the words, and she told him (because of course she'd tell him if he asked) then that would be the the kind of thing that they kept secret between them; they had a number of such little understandings. He could hear her now, carefully, and with her light bit of a laugh, weaving it for him with the threads of her silver voice, for just they two. Then how could he tell Kenneth?

He saw those taunting eyes on him, felt the knee in the pit of his belly. He flushed up hot and had to wet on a tree stump.

On both sides of him as he climbed the canyon, the great mountain walls closed down, dwarfing the little boy, shutting him in with his intolerable problem. How he hated this country now; hated Kenneth. Lovingly, he remembered the sound of the cables under the tracks on Powell Street, how it was like an army of small horses cantering underground. He thought of the tall buildings with sun on their tips, so friendly beside these blackening gorges. Shrunken, miserable, inconsequent, he marched toward his little doom.

Tanger, the shepherd dog, came rushing to meet him and as they rolled uphill over and over in the new-sprung grass, the homely dog-smell restored his confidence and he tore up the path and banged the kitchen door with a great resolve to get this thing over and done with.

His mother was rolling biscuit dough at the drainboard. He saw at once, reassuringly, the little smile-furrows about her eyes and ran to her, hugging her madly. The hard feel of her hipbones against the place where the tooth had come out made him remember this importance above anything else.

"Hey, Mother, look! My tooth came out. It didn't hurt, either."

She wiped her hands on her apron and took his dirty face in them, pulling up his lip and smiling. "Good boy. Did you see the new baby?"

Instantly he drew away from her, searching her face. She had a kind of special way when she spoke about babies. Funny! Even Kenneth's sloppy old Aunt Allie was the same. It beat him. It shut him out from the whole woman-world. It reminded him terribly of Kenneth's mother, of his promise. He couldn't ask her when she was shut away like that. Dodblast it! He scuffed the floor sullenly.

"Sure, I saw it. 'Twarn't much, if you ask me. Say, do you know what I think, Mother?" He spread his legs grown-up and rolled spit on his tongue. "If you ask me, Mother, it doesn't look as if that puny little crittur had a chance in this world."

He knew she would think that was funny, his imitating the ranch-hands like that. When she began to laugh, rippling back into their own world again, his courage ebbed back into him. He edged up toward her confidentially and opened his mouth wide.

"Say, Mother . . . . er, say . . . . Aw, Mother, can I have a peanut butter sandwich?"

"Why, yes, if you hurry. You don't want your hens to go to bed without their supper."

* * *

He hadn't done it. Hadn't kept that dodblasted promise yet. Dammittohell! It looked easy enough one way you thought of it, but then again. . . there was something . . . well, the words for it wouldn't come, that's all. Maybe after supper, when she was putting him to bed . . . yes, that was it.

But now that he had the bucket of smooth-feeling cool grain over his arm and was skipjumping up the path to the henhouse, he forgot all that and thought only of his hens. These were the twelve white chickens Jock, one of the ranch-hands, had given him when they first came to the country. He loved them passionately. He took all the care of them, had watched their fuzz turn feather, the yellow of it become milk-white. There was something about whiteness that always excited him. One day he had lain all day on his belly in front of the brooder house trying to see if he could actually see a yellow piece of fluff turn into a white feather. But he guessed it must happen in the night like so many mysteries.

They were grown now. There were three roosters with their astonishing headgear and jerky proud walk. And the pullets had begun to lay. Every night now he had a very madness upon him to run and see how many eggs there were. This minute, with the wire handle of the bucket cutting pleasantly into his forearm, his mouth began to water, thinking of it.

When he came along in front of the henpen he began to talk softly. "H'lo . . . h'llooo, biddies. Nice ol' biddies . . . hmmmm . . ." And he made a tune for them.

"Quarrk. Quarrrwk . . . quk . . . quk . . . quik . . ." They answered, piling up against the wire.

He squeezed through the door, holding the bucket high above their stretched necks, fending himself from their onslaught. He threw handfuls of grain out in a circle, quickly, so they would all get some at the same time. It sank into the straw where they had to scratch for it. He loved to watch them scramble for their meals, pecking and squawking, the greedy roosters clambering over the backs of the hens and clucking importantly and all the time eating the biggest kernels. He liked the feeling of them brushing against his bare legs and now and then would reach timidly down and place one palm lightly on a silky back.

When the bucket was empty and he had upturned it, spilling the last bit of chaff, he crept around the edge of the pen under the roosts, to gather the eggs. Perhaps there would be six tonight. Five was the most he'd got so far. He trembled a little.

No matter what else happened to him, this was the great moment of his day. Secret, possessional, exclusive. He made a grave ceremony of it, going down on his knees before each box-nest, his eyes tight-shut, guessing. "I guess there will be two here," he would whisper like a prayer, and open his eyes suddenly.

Tonighe when he had reached the next to the last box he already had five oval treasures in his bucket. He was so excited hoping for that sixth that when he shut his eyes wetness squeezed under the lids. He shifted his knees until he was flush in front of the nest and waited a breathless moment. "There will be an egg here, too," he implored.

But when he opened his eyes he saw with astonishment that there was a hen on that nest. At first he only thought to shoo her off, so eager about that sixth egg. Then he remembered that Jock had said you must never disturb them while they are laying. What should he do? Oh, dear, would she die if he stayed there quite still and watched her? Maybe it was a secret thing and he shouldn't even be looking, and he tried to close his eyelids down but the fascination was too great. His muscles tightened him into the statue of a little boy and he felt very rigid and lonely.

Dusk reached in and fumbled in the corners with grey-gloved hands and touched with mystery the little boy squatting on his haunches and the still white fowl. Outside he could hear Jock cajoling the yearlings into the corral and the clatter of dishes as his mother set the table for supper. But he could not take his eyes off that hen. Her crop bulged out in front and she made little uneasy movements with her wings. "Oh, God, she'd better not die, had she?" the boy begged fervently.

Suddenly she got halfway to her feet and turned around twice in the nest, fluffing her feathers all over and making a high-long squawk. When she drew herself to her full height an egg dropped into the straw.

For a deep, uncircumscribed second, the boy thought he was going to die. He began to sob quietly, closing his eyes with his fists. When he uncovered them the hen was gone.

Frantically he turned to find her, to single her out, who had precipitated this awful, this miraculous act. He wanted to get his hands on her; to adore her, to despise her, to tear her all in little bits and see how she worked. In his middle he felt weak, but his hands seemed suddenly to have a terrible strength, a necessity for rending.

But he couldn't find her: she was not distinguishable. She was just like all the rest. There was only a flowing of milk-white in the half-dark.

When he picked up the egg he saw there was a streak of warm blood across it. Then hot shame for what he had witnessed took him and he ran out into the twilight.

* * *

"The boy ain't eatin' no grub," Jock said.

Ted lifted a forkful of beans, but it stuck.

"What's the matter, son?" his mother asked.

"I . . . I guess I just ain't hungry."

"I'm *not* hungry," she corrected gently and smiled. "He had a peanut butter sandwich before supper," she excused him.

"I bought that slut of Hi Sampson's today," his father said. "Jock here says she'll make a fine hunter."

"Yep. Come spring, mister, we'll be up an' after them wild hogs like hellengitout."

Ted watched his mother from under his brows, pretending to eat. She had put on a white dress for supper, not wishing to abandon all her city ways. She sat quietly in her place, brooding while the men talked. She was just outside the circle of lamplight and her arms made shadowy rhythmic motions as she lifted them from her plate to her mouth. She was all white and fluid and exciting to the boy. Her breasts, ample under the thin garment, pushed out over the edge of the table just like . . . like . . .

The boy could not get away from the thought. Her breasts rounded out just like the hen's crop. Her arms, rising and falling, were uneasy wingthings. In the dim room she was all silky, featherlike. He saw her red lips move upwards.

He choked . . . "Mother . . . could you . . . could you ever . . . lay an egg?"

For a long second his mother's eyes rested on him sweet and unsmiling. Then Jock's laughter split the earth and he dashed from the table belching his food.

* * *

Kenneth was standing leaning against a tree when Ted came down the trail to the redwood grove. He was grinning, one corner of his mouth drawn up in that knowing way. Ted walked straighe up to him and squared off and let him have it in a clean uppercut to the chin.

Then his fists went wild, Jesusgodalmightysonabitch, he muttered as he hit. He struck all over the other boy's body. He punched his mother in the crop and lunged out with a great strength at the belly of the world. Hi, sissy yourself you bloodybastard, he screamed. And as he hit he grew and grew so that he rose up and fetched one on the jaw of the almightysonabitchgod and smashed the damned egg all to smithereens. Then he spread his legs and made a prodigious spit.

—LYNDA SARGENT

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Travel conditions are good all through via U.S. 40 from California across Nevada into Utah and to Salt Lake City, reports the California State Automobile Association. Tire chains should be carried for possible need.

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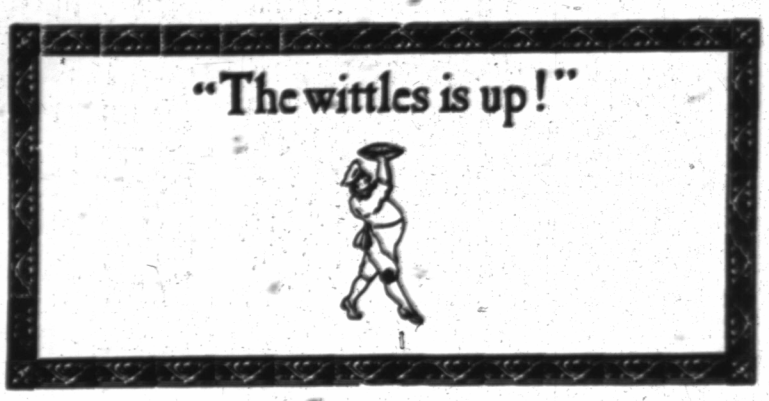

Would you like to make a nice moist spicy cake? Without having any applesauce on hand nor the time and inclination to prepare some? Here's a grand recipe from Duncan Hines' "Adventures in Good Cooking" which I tried the other day and found excellent.

Ingredients: ½ cup shortening, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg (beaten), 2 cups flour, ½ tsp. soda, 1 tsp. salt, 2 tsp. baking powder, ½ tsp. cinnamon, ½ tsp. cloves, ½ tsp. nutmeg, ½ cup broken nut meats, 1 cup chopped apples, 1 tsp. vanilla, ½ cup cold coffee. Cream shortening and sugar, add egg; sift dry ingredients together and add to mixture, and finally add nuts, apple, vanilla and coffee. This recipe is called "Little Apple Cakes" and instructions are to bake in gem tins in 350 F. oven about 40 minutes. Being a little hurried I made it into a loaf cake, which seemed to do exactly as well. I spread it with a butter frosting flavored with lemon. But you can use whatever flavor you like best as a combination with spice cake . . .

+

Ever hear the story of the 18-year-old boy who worked on a small monthly magazine drawing illustrations for advertising copy and comic squibs for the editorial pages? One day a picture he made for a coffee firm ad was returned by the advertising manager with a scrawled note: "Ye gods, what crimes are committed in the name of art!"

The boss called Walter and showed him, saying, "You ought to be ashamed." Walter admitted he was but when asked why he didn't do better work he said he was doing the best he could.

This explanation was scornfully rejected by the boss who insisted Walter could do better work if he'd put his heart into it and stop fooling around with a little pack of cards he had seen him making marks on.

At the mention of the cards Walter showed plenty of enthusiasm. Out of his pocket he pulled a little pack of plain white cards held together with a rubber band. He had drawn a rabbit on the top card. He held up the pack and flipped the cards with his thumb—the rabbit appeared to jump and run away.

The boss, amused in spite of himself but still quite sure of only one thing and that was that he was not paying the boy for this sort of fooling, remarked: "Well, of all the gadgets for an 18-year-old boy to be playing with!"

Walter turned red but came back promptly: "This isn't a gadget—it's *my ideal*!" And then he explained eagerly how he was working all hours of the night in the effort to produce a clear motion picture of those cards on the screen of his moving picture machine in his garage at home. What he wanted to do was to make movies out of drawings in order to tell stories that had been written for children. It was the one thing he wanted to do more than anything else on earth.

Of course, you know how well he succeeded! It was Walt Disney. The boss was Al B. Carder who has included this story with others in a little volume called "The Third Commodity" (published by Bobbs-Merrill) to illustrate his theory that: "All real success comes from the heart."

Mr. Carder is a prosperous restaurant operator on a large scale. In his business the first commodity is food. The second is service. But the *third commodity* is his genuine love and devotion to his enterprise: and to this he attributes his success.

It's a simple principle, almost too obvious to need defending, whether you apply the term success merely to money or, more broadly, to happiness. You can see it plainly wherever you look. For instance, to become personal, what has most certainly given THE CYMBAL its unique position today is the fact that all its various contributors have always been urged to write what they most enjoyed writing! Naturally they wrote their best—their heart was in their work. As for the Editor—well, you might "take 'old of the wings of the mornin' and flop round the earth till you're dead"—but you'll never find anything he would rather do than edit THE CYMBAL!

+

I had read about pralines as a child in New England long before those southern dainties ever found their way north. And so strong was the impression Mrs. C. V. Jamison's romantic tale of "Lady Jane" made on me that in all the years since I could never see the word "praline" nor taste—on rare occasions—the actual confection without thinking of *Pepsie*. You must remember her—the odd little hunchback who sat at the window with its iron grille-work balcony, cracking pecans for *Madelon*, her mother?

Pepsie made three separate piles of nuts, "the perfect halves in one pile, those broken by accident in another, and those slightly shriveled and a little rancid, in still another. The first were used to make the sugared pecans for which *Madelon* was justly famous; the second to manufacture into pralines, so good that they had given her the sobriquet of 'Bonne Praline'; and the third pile, which she disdained to use in her business, nothing imperfect ever entering into her concoctions, were swept into a box, and disposed of to merchants who had less principle and less patronage."

Genuine pralines, made in New Orleans from a very old recipe, dating even earlier than the time of *Pepsie* and little *Lady Jane*, are now right here in Carmel. Like *Madelon*, the Cook company which makes these "Sweetheart" candies uses only the very highest quality of ingredients. Moreover the pralines are carefully packed in tin containers so that they arrive fresh and delicious.

Also in tin boxes come the "Sweetheart" nut flakes—with pecans, peanuts, cashews—each separate, so you can pick your favorite. The nuts are embedded in the loveliest delicately crisp buttery brittle you ever tasted!

Well, it's no news that Nielsen Brothers have a bewildering array of good things to eat—the best things!—from all over the globe. So naturally that's where you'll find these "Sweetheart" pralines and nut flakes. Mocking birds and moonlight . . sugar cane and pecans . . whatever spells southern romance for you is sealed in these neat tin containers along with some of the best candy you ever ate. Try some—if you don't agree, just hand the rest of the box over to

—CONSTANT EATER

+ + +

Batlivala, India Feminist, Next Forum Feature

Bhicoo Batlivala, young feminist from India, practicing barrister of London, personal friend of Ghandi and of Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru, will be presented at Carmel Forum in Sunset Auditorium Friday, Mar. 22 at 8 p.m.

She is strongly nationalistic in her views and holds that India is being exploited by British imperialistic interests. She stresses, however, that India's quarrel is not with the British people but with the British imperialistic system. While attacking what she terms British exploitation in the East, Miss Batlivala is even more caustic concerning the imperialistic ambitions of the totalitarian powers in her native land. Fascist propaganda has as yet made no impression on India, she states.

A trim, chic figure with flashing eyes and a light brunette complexion, Miss Batlivala usually wears the colorful sari of her native land during her lectures. For traveling and routine affairs, however, she wears smart Parisian creations.

She was born into a wealthy Parsee family in Bombay and sent to England to be educated. She was graduated from the Cheltenham School in London, studied law and was admitted to the English bar when she was 21 years old, the youngest woman ever to be accorded this honor. From 1932 to 1935 she practiced law in London and then returned to her native land to take over a ministerial post in the State of Baroda's department of education offered to her by His Highness, the Gaekwar of Baroda.

She is widely known as a sportswoman, has played in open tennis and squash tournaments in England, and is a member of the winning team in the first women's invitation polo turnament at Ranelagh in 1936 and was asked by the Hurlingham Club to play an exhibition match in 1937. Hunting, flying and golf are among her other favorite sports.

READING OF "SNOW WHITE" PLEASES AUDIENCE

Genevieve Butterfield read the Jessie Graham White dramatization of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" Saturday night at Pine Inn and her audience was satisfied that it had heard this well-known fairy tale handled competently and with intelligence. Mrs. Butterfield's interpretation was blissfully free of over-emphasized whimsy, but even so, the story is better adapted to juvenile audiences than adult. Incidental music by Edmund Rickett was played by David Marrs. There could have been more of it. It occurred at such wide intervals that it seemed to have no positive connection with the program.

Mrs. Butterfield will next read selections from Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" as a prelude to David Marrs' performance of Edward MacDowell's great *Eroica Sonata* founded on the medieval legend. The date has not yet been set.

—M. W.

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No need to be. Go to the corner of Ocean and San Carlos and get acquainted with the best darned values in town in groceries, meats and vegetables

KIP'S

WE THINK THEY'RE INTERESTING

JOHN AND MARY BURR

Only a few short months ago John and Mary Burr were Gianni Anforte and Maria Tovanya, Gianni, the basso-profundo of the San Francisco Opera Co., Maria, solo dancer with the San Francisco Opera Company Ballet. They chucked their respective careers because of a simple little word called "love." Career marriages sometimes worked but more often they didn't, and they were taking no chances. Besides, John had been writing on and off for years and wanted a chance really to get his teeth into it; and Mary wanted to sculp. Besides, Mary wrecked her ankle in the middle of the ballet season in Salt Lake City. The move seemed propitious. They came to Carmel and moved into a house on Lincoln street. They've been here three months already. John is well into a novel; Mary is joining the modeling class at the Carmel Art Institute.

John Burr has ink in his veins. He's done everything on newspapers from selling them on street corners to writing copy. He's a Cornell man and he worked on the college newspaper there. He could n't help having a voice. It won him a scholarship in the Westminster Choir, perhaps the most famous choir in the country today. It originated in Dayton, moved to Ithaca, and today has its own building in Princeton, N.J., and is a part of Princeton University. John was soloist with this choir for two years.

He's been in Hollywood, too. Was there two years singing and acting in pictures, and managed to muff his big chance as far as a picture career was concerned. Most of his activity was centered around churches and music festivals of one sort or another, but he did act in stock for a while, traveling with the "Journey's End" road company. Between times he wrote pounds of stuff much too poor to put on the market and finished his first novel which was read and re-read, and which he finally flung into the flames with the exception of one or two excerpts of which he was rather fond. He's working on his second novel right now. The novel form is his chief interest although he likes critical essays.

Mary Carruthers, which name she was born with, studied the dance under William Christiansen in Portland, Ore. She made her debut under that name with the San Francisco Opera Company ballet of which Christiansen is now ballet master. She has a whole snowstorm of clippings from newspapers all over the western states which she has never bothered to paste into anything. She is photogenic and we quote her husband: "has a very special quality—a radiant expression of inner beauty seen only when she is dancing." Her name was soon changed to Maria Tovanya and she was one of the most advanced of Christiansen's group.

John and Mary or, rather, Gianni and Maria, met first in 1937 during the opera season when Martinelli, Bonelli, Rethberg and Bruna Castagna were singing, and "Aida" and "The Masked Ball" were the highlights of the opera season, and the ballet was inextricably caught up in the glitter and glamour of that season.

John went to Europe in 1938, studying and singing with Federico Russo in London, and with Alberto Cheli in Milan. He returned to the San Francisco Opera Company in 1939. The Ballet was on the road. The mutual career chucking and subsequent marriage took place around Thanksgiving day. Now they are a permanent part of our community life and, need I add, fit into it beautifully. —M. W.

\+ + +

MARYETTE HAWLEY LUM

I met Maryette Lum for the first time last summer when she had just come from China and was visiting here with Berta Metzger. She had with her the first edition of "Songs of Chinese Children," printed in Peking in 1936. It was a beautiful book. It was made of Chinese rice paper and its illustrations were tinted Chinese woodblocks. Its bars and staffs and flats and sharps had a craftsman's look about them.

Miss Lum was in this country seeing about having the second edition published here, and in her mind was a definite doubt that any American publisher could duplicate the charm of this Chinese example of typographer's art.

Suttonhouse Publishers, Inc., created a unique thing with "Songs of Chinese Children," however. They've even used Chinese characters as well as English translations for all the rhymes and for the rules of the games of which each song is a part. The illustrations are black and white, but they have a hand-blocked look to them and were made from the original Chinese drawings of Lin Yu Ts'ang. The cover is brilliant Chinese red with two dancing Chinese figures on it.

The Folk Rhyme-Songs, which comprise about half the contents of the book, when spoken in Chinese have a definite rhythm of their own but no definite tune. Miss Lum made melodies based on themes from Chinese songs and kept them as nearly within the limits of the Chinese scale tones as possible. The folk songs have the original Chinese tunes as well as the Chinese words. The Peking Game, "Two Little Sisters," was learned from some children outside the Ch'i Hua Men of Peking, and "Ping ping! Pong pong!" from Chinese school girls. The Cantonese Lullaby, "Night Noises," and "The Cantonese Wedding" are typical folk songs of South China; while "Riding the Dragon" is an old melody of the North. Berta Metzger's poems are used in three of the folk-songs.

There is a charm about this collection of music and games of China that should give remembered happiness and significance to any childhood, and there is no question but that Miss Lum's book will create understanding between Chinese and Western children.

—MARJORIE WARREN

BLUE BIRD TEA ROOM

Breakfast ◦ Luncheon
Tea ◦ Dinner

OCEAN AVENUE
Near Lincoln

Finn Frolich Is Finally Given A Party

Because Finn Frolich has been wailing about lack of studio get-togethers where artists and friends meet and laugh, and talk huge talk, and because all of Finn's friends are united in their desire to make him happy, a studio party was held Friday night at Mrs. Rita Beller's and Roberta Smith was the hostess.

Roberta has the use of the Beller studio and is looking after the house and eight-year-old Mickey while Mrs. Beller is up in the snow. Roberta is studying art at the Carmel Art Institute and is doing everything possible besides in order to eat while doing so. She is doing some fine things in Finn Frolich's class and examples of it were on display in the studio.

Highlights of the evening were Jimmy Hopper and Finn reminiscing about Jack and Charmian London; John Burr standing before the fireplace and easily, unselfconsciously and completely unaccompanied, singing to us with a voice that until recently was heard in the San Francisco Opera Company. He sang *Ol' Man River*, *On the Road to Mandalay*, and *The Volga Boatmen* and everyone sat and scarcely breathed; Finn Frolich wandering around like a particularly ecstatic gnome with his concertina and people dancing to his music; Loa Lloyd leading them into the intricacies and excitement of "The Conga"; Florence Lockwood, looking like a little girl again and laughing at her own efforts to perform this quite mad dance. It was a grand party and a perfect place to have it. May there be more. —M. W.

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ALL BUT TWO ADULT CLASSES TO CLOSE FOR EASTER

With the exception of three classes, all closely connected with theatrical matters, the classes of the Carmel Adult School will be closed next week, according to J. W. Getsinger, principal. The three keeping to their regular schedule are the class in radio technique, led by John Eaton, and meeting on Wednesday at the Marionette theatre where it is developing a modern version of "Romeo and Juliet"; the Shakespeare class, dear to the heart of Herbert Heron, now busily engaged in plans for the summer in the Forest Theater, and the dramatics class, Chick McCarthy, director, much too busy with rehearsals of "What a Life" to be bothered with vacations.

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On the open-ocean side of the Monterey Peninsula Everybody Reads The Cymbal.

MISSION RANCH CLUB DOESN'T DO SO BAD ON PUBLICITY

Not bad for the publicity department of the Mission Ranch Club!

Once again have the old "silver mine" shafts been opened up on the club's property back of the Mission and the San Francisco *Chronicle* has gotten excited about it to the tune of a four-column picture and a column and a half story. Even the *Peninsula Herald*, which should have an index to its old files, devoted considerable space to the "discovery."

Not bad at all. It isn't often that a dude ranch outfit can tell you to bring shovels along with your chaps.

(By the way, for purposes of identification, the picture in the *Chronicle* labeled "Abby" Quinn is, to be accurate, of Avey Quinn, school editor for THE CYMBAL.)

\+ + +

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Personalities & Personals

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Redland, the British consul, and his wife, from Los Angeles, are expected at the Mission Ranch Club March 16 and will stay a week. Their daughter will be with them.

+

Ara Haswell McFadden left for the south Tuesday, driving down with Hildreth Masten for company. She'll return today or tomorrow with her son, Haswell Giraud, who will be up for a ten days' vacation from Harvard Military School in Los Angeles; and with Joan Charlot, fresh from England, who'll stay the week-end only. Frank and Mary Craven are due Easter week, and their daughter will be coming with them.

+

Occupying one of the cottages at the Mission Ranch Club until June is Calvin Manning who has come from Stanford to the peace and quietness of Carmel to study for his master's degree in economics. Manning hails from Des Moines, plans a career in the diplomatic service, plays tennis and badminton more than ordinarily well, and has the local lassies, of whom he seems quite unaware, practically drooling.

+

The Lumbermen's Association is holding its convention at the Mission Ranch Club beginning today and continuing through Sunday. About 20 of them are coming from San Francisco and will have their banquet tomorrow night. They are coming stag, but would appreciate women guests at dinner and have asked Don McFadden to see what he can do about it. We've always held with lumbermen as being gentle, chivalrous and strong, and the dinner will be good. So . . . call Don if you've a mind to.

+

Trilliums and wild lilies-of-the-valley from the Carmel Valley and wild flags and calla lilies from Slate's Springs decorated the Hatton Fields home of Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Murphy when they entertained about 60 of their friends at cocktails last Sunday afternoon.

Following this was a party after the party, with Tom Work, Sr., as host. Those who followed the leader over the hill were Dr. and Mrs. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. John Murphy, Mrs. Virginia Norris and Larry Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Robert McKeever, Beth Frellson, Capt. Jack Stober, Mrs. Bernice Sovey and Mr. and Mrs. Eric Van Zandt. From the Work adobe the party went over to Pilot's restaurant on the waterfront for a fish dinner.

+

Bettina Whitman is down in Twentynine Palms visiting her sister, Liana, who has had to go to a warmer climate in order to recuperate from the cold she's had ever since Christmas.

+

Roe Arlen will be up from Pomona College today to spend a week's vacation with her mother, Mrs. Byington Ford. She's due for a slight shock when she walks into the Ford living room. There are two grand pianos in it right now, one of which barely escaped having to be suspended from the ceiling. The reason: Mary Ingels and Susan Ellen Duval are working on the music of the ballet which will be produced in connection with Ruth Austin's annual dance recital in May. They've decided two pianos are necessary.

+

Walter Hampden, distinguished actor, whose name follows that of Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson and John Drew as president of The Players' Club, has been visiting his brother, Paul Dougherty, at Carmel Highlands, this week. He had an engagement at the Oakland Forum Tuesday night when he presented a program of scenes and portions from various plays with historical data and interesting facts about their production and about their authors. He returned Wednesday evening and leaves for Hollywood tomorrow where he will start work on Cecil B. DeMille's new technicolor production concerning the northwest mounted with Gary Cooper in the lead.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Kent Clark and their daughter Sue left Carmel Wednesday morning for a two weeks' trip to the south. They will visit relatives at Coronado and Palm Springs. Mrs. Ira Miller, Mrs. Clark's mother, will stay at Pine Inn while the family is away.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Elliott, Jr., drove up to San Francisco yesterday to see the newly-wedded Mr. and Mrs. Robert Durand Edgren off for a month's honeymoon in Honolulu.

+

Fern and Jean Hyde are no sooner back in town than they're off again! They leave Sunday for Beverly Hills to be gone two months. Fern, who has property in that section, just came back from there. Her daughter, Jean, has been in New York, visiting her sister, Betty, and at the same time studying radio technique with the same man with whom Betty has been working for over a year. They've been staying at La Ribera for the short time they've been back in Carmel.

+

Proving again that Dr. and Mrs. Theodore Burnett can be the most charming of hosts at their Carmel Point home, a buffet luncheon was served last Friday afternoon to 20 of their friends. With plates filled with the most delicious food, guests wandered out into the patio and garden and ate picnic fashion, either on chairs or mattresses scattered at random over the lawn. After luncheon the good old English game of darts was organized and Mrs. R. L. Grabill displayed the charming groups of figures she has made from pieces of weather-worn driftwood.

Guests at the affair were Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Dickinson, Dr. and Mrs. Blanchard Steeves (recently come to Carmel from Honolulu where Dr. Steeves headed the Teachers' College), Dr. and Mrs. Joseph C. LeConte, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Straker of Pacific Grove, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Sayers, Marjorie Warren, Janie Otto, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Poklen, Mr. and Mrs. Grabill, Mrs. Fritz Wurzmann, Miss Ruth Huntington, Miss Lydia Weld and Miss Dora Dutton.

+

Virgil MacAllister, who plays the drums and M.C.'s at the Oasis Club in Salinas, comes to the Anchor Cafe each Tuesday night with his recording machine (postman's night out) and guests are privileged to experiment with their vocal or histrionic tendencies, aided and abetted by George Myette at the Novachord, until the joint closes. Among those who had the doubtful pleasure of hearing themselves on a record this week were Mrs. Charlie Sayers, Jack Straker and Jock Stewart. Mrs. Sayers' effort was really successful. She sang *Danny Boy* in her sweet soprano that reproduced most amazingly. Straker, who specializes on cockney, Yorkshire and Lancashire dialects (and 'im an Oxford man), told one of his priceless yarns about Albert and the parrot. George obligingly supplied "parrot" music, and the result was a "bit of orl rahght" it was, even if he did say "carrot" for parrot. Jock's pipes were in fine fettle. He'd been spending the morning in his tent practicing Peabrook on his chanter that should, by all rights, be a Henderson. His week-end had been spent in Victoria, B.C., with the Scottish Regiment where every piper in the outfit blew himself purple for this lad whose main obsession in life is the ruddy pipes. He'd brought his kilts down too, and gave all the laddies a treat when he appeared at The Anchor in them. My, but he was a fine, braw laddie. He and Charlie Sayers spend all the time insulting one another. It's a lovely friendship. E. Juvius Plue was there, too, missing nothing.

+

Mrs. William Ritschel is back from New York after three months there visiting her sister. She went about some with Martin Flavin and Flavia, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Mathias and Jean Kellogg, all neighbors of hers at Carmel Highlands.

+

Jack Jordan, 17 pounds heavier after a visit with Ranny and Bonney Cockburn on their Lake County sheep ranch, and wearing a deep tan and a small mustache, arrived in town only to leave again for Los Angeles where he will be indefinitely.

+

A kitchen shower given for the Misses Rachel and Nina Hiller by Mrs. William Francis Halyard and Mrs. Katherine MacFarlane Howe took place Wednesday afternoon at Mrs. Halyard's home. The Misses Hiller will be moving into their new house on Monte Verde street by the first of April.

+

Carl Latham, of the San Francisco *Chronicle* staff and a frequent visitor to Carmel, was married last Saturday in San Francisco to Dorothy Smith. Eric Coster dashed up hurriedly from Del Monte publicity bureau to be his best man. The newlyweds will be in Carmel this week-end and will head for Mexico City Monday and from there by train to Guatemala.

+

Lt-Col. Lester A. Sprinkle, 11th Cavalry officer, who has been assigned since last October to the general staff of the Sixth Division now on maneuvers at Camp Jackson, South Carolina, has been ordered to Fort Snelling, Minnesota. Mrs. Sprinkle and their daughter Roseanne, won't leave the Presidio of Monterey until the end of the school term, however. Roseanne is one of the more talented of Ruth Austin's dance pupils and has one of the leads in Chick McCarthy's play now in rehearsal, "What a Life." She is a talented youngster and the family will be very much missed on the Peninsula.

+

Glenn Watson and Wayne Edwards won the high honors at the Mission Ranch Club Monday evening bridge tournament with Miss Gladys Willis and Sisti Segretti having to be content with second.

YIPEE!

have you heard about the gymkhana and rodeo that's coming to town?

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PENINSULA LAUNDRY

More Personals

Loa Lloyd leaves for Los Angeles today and will return Sunday with her six-year-old son, Don, who'll stay a week with her before returning to the south again.

+

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Wright are in town for a while with the idea still with them of selling the Press in the Forest. Their home now is in Santa Ynez.

+

Mrs. Byington Ford (Ruth Austin), Mary Ingels and Susan Ellen Duval drove up to San Francisco Sunday for the matinee performance of the Joos Ballet.

+

Bernice Graham was down from Palo Alto last week-end visiting Loa Lloyd.

+

The paintings of Barbara Stevenson and Elwood Graham will share honors with a borrowed collection of those of European artists at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor beginning tomorrow and continuing for four weeks. They've each sent up about 15 canvases; Elwood's, straight landscapes; Barbara's, landscapes with figures.

+

Mrs. Frederick A. Ingalls has returned to her home at Pebble Beach after an absence of three months. She has been in Chicago, her former home. Mrs. Ingalls is a member of the board of directors of the Carmel Art Association.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Edgren, who sailed for Honolulu yesterday on the *Lurline* for their honeymoon, have taken an apartment in that city for a month and plan to make airplane trips to the other islands from there. Upon their return, they will occupy a house in the country club for a month and then they'll be off to New York. Bob has to be there for two months while he covers metropolitan sports events for his syndicated sports feature, "Miracles of Sport," which his father, the late Robert E. Edgren, originated.

+

Mrs. J. O. Greenan left Carmel Wednesday and will join Jim up in Reno for a week. They'll participate in the big celebration being held in Reno and in Virginia City this week-end when the preview of the new picture "Virginia City" is being shown.

+

The old yarn about the buried treasure of the padres was worth a follow-up story for the *Chronicle* so they sent down two reporters this week, our old pal Stan Delaplane, and Abe Mellinkoff, who've been having a dozen or so laughs on the town, and went chuckling on their way early yesterday morning.

+

Mrs. June Richardson Lucas spoke on "International Ifs" last week Thursday at All Saints' Parish House, and not on "International I.F.F." as THE CYMBAL had it.

+ + +

CARMEL P-T.A. WILL MEET AT ART GALLERY

At last the Carmel Art Gallery will be the gathering place of the Carmel Parent-Teachers' Association. This will be at its April meeting, and Lucille Bertis and Sophie Harpe will speak on "What the Teacher Can Do in the Classroom" and "What the Parents Can Do in the Home," as far as development of art is concerned. Both Miss Bertis and Miss Harpe are active members of the Carmel Art Association and their work is often hung on its walls.

'Getting Along With Myself and Others' Is Pamela Dormody's Winning Essay In "Americanization" Contest

Pamela Dormody, Marie Elizalde and Pat Tarrant received their awards Tuesday night at the Carmel Legion clubhouse for presenting the best essays on "Americanization," a nation-wide contest sponsored by the American Legion. Each child read her own essay and Mrs. W. Ray Moore, president of the Auxiliary, presented the prizes of $3 cash and gold-embossed award of merit. Parents were there; at least mothers and one papa. Col. T. B. Taylor told briefly how and why the American Legion was formed and O. W. Bardarson, superintendent of the Carmel Unified School district, made the opening speech, speaking on the emphasis on the ideals of Americanism at Sunset School. Ice cream and cake were served.

We picked Pamela Dormody's essay to print because she presented it in such an artistic manner—complete in folder decorated with the American flag done in colored crayons. Smart gal, Pamela.

+

GETTING ALONG WITH MYSELF AND OTHERS

I have often been told that to have a friend is to be a friend and I think that this is true, because we cannot expect other people to like us if we do not like them. One of the best ways to have friends in school is to treat everyone alike and not spend all of our time with someone we may be particularly fond of. When we do the latter, we are not being fair to ourselves because we deliberately spoil the opportunity of getting to know our classmates better. At school when we are playing games and lose, we should be as cheerful about it as though we had won, for nobody likes a poor loser.

We are often more anxious to make a good impression on outsiders than on members of our family. This is wrong because the home is the first place to practise good manners and kindness. If we are unkind to our brothers and sisters and careless of their feelings no amount of politeness on the outside will make up for it, for it will not be sincere.

Getting along with others in the community is just another way of being considerate, and may be practised in such ways as not throwing papers on the sidewalk, not pushing against others in the Post Office or other crowded places, not being noisy in the movies and thereby spoiling somebody else's enjoyment of the picture, and not riding bicycles on the sidewalk or wrong side of the street. It is just such things that make a town a pleasanter place in which to live, and if we practise these things when we are young, we will be better citizens when we are older. —PAMELA DORMODY

Police Judge George P. Ross Issues A Few "Don'ts" for Motorists

To further the welfare of both the motoring public and the pedestrian, City Judge George P. Ross has asked us to print the following communication:

TO THE MOTORING PUBLIC:

Notwithstanding a false impression to the contrary, neither the police nor I experience any pleasure in tagging or penalizing motorists. It is because of my desire to save the motoring public from unpleasantness that I am enumerating the following DON'TS:

Don't ever

1. Stop or park car in or on crosswalk, whether or not anyone remains in the car makes no difference.
2. Stop, park or leave standing car in red zone; where curb is painted red. Red is an absolutely prohibited zone, whether car is attended or unattended.
3. Speed.
4. Sound automobile horn for any purpose except for safety. Tooting to attract attention, or calling out grocer, or at all, except for safety, is a violation.
5. Park on wrong side of street in business section; that is, don't park facing traffic.
6. Park with tires over 18 inches from curbside.
7. Turn car around in any block in business section except at intersections.
8. Just slow down, or shift gears through a stop sign. You must come to a complete stop.

Painting on curbs is as follows: Red, Yellow, Green, White. Meaning thereof: Red absolutely prohibitive; yellow, loading and unloading, and not for parking; green and white, both limited parking.

The above is the law and I trust those who read this will profit thereby.

(signed) GEORGE P. ROSS,
City Judge, Carmel.

VALONA BREWER PUPILS TO GIVE VIOLIN RECITAL

Pupils of Valona Brewer will be heard in violin recital at Pine Inn tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock. There will be solos and ensemble numbers played by both junior and senior groups. The following young people will take part: Basil Allaire, Jerry Williamson, Delfo Giglio, Jackie King, Raymond Barnhart, Joy Melrose, Sheila Whitaker, Eric Leffingwell, for the juniors; Joyce Davis, Clydene Merrell, Gloria Zampatti, Bob Mason, Leon Young, Meldon Moss, Everett Messenger, Larry Walker and Dave La Vine, for the seniors. Violet Kuswalt will assist at the piano.

The Cymbal carries Carmel's atmosphere anywhere in the United States for $1 a Year.

+ + +

It's wonderful what a Cymbal Classified Ad will do.

S.P. To Run Two Streamliners

Another pair of Daylight streamliners will streak along the coast route beginning March 30 on the fastest schedules ever established between San Francisco and Los Angeles, according to announcement by F. S. McGinnis, vice-president in charge of passenger traffic for the Southern Pacific Company.

On that date, McGinnis said, the original Daylights, refinished throughout, will return to service with noon departure from terminals to supplement the morning trains of the same name, recently placed on the run.

The designations *Morning* and *Noon* are to be added to the name of the Daylights in keeping with their departure times, and their through schedules will be nine hours and 30 minutes, and nine hours and 40 minutes, respectively, both north and southbound.

Leaving San Francisco and Los Angeles at 8:15 a.m., as at present, the Morning Daylights will clip 15 minutes from their runs, reaching their destinations at 5:45 instead of 6 p.m. They will continue to stop only at San Jose, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara and Glendale. The Noon Daylights will arrive in Los Angeles and San Francisco at 9:40 p.m., with an additional stop at Watsonville Junction.

Along with inauguration of the second pair of streamliners, trains 71 and 72 will change their schedules in order to run ahead of the Morning Daylights to Salinas, southbound, and to Santa Barbara, northbound, picking up passengers for transfer to the streamliners at those stations.

+ + +

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HOW does your HOME LIGHTING Measure Up

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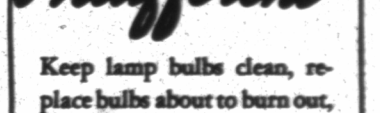
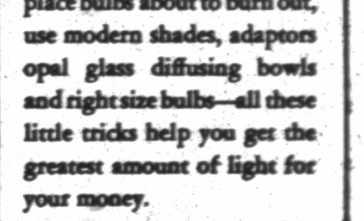
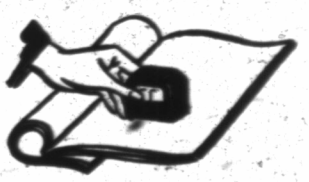


Bad?



Indifferent

Keep lamp bulbs clean, replace bulbs about to burn out, use modern shades, adaptors opal glass diffusing bowls and right size bulbs—all these little tricks help you get the greatest amount of light for your money.



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OVER THE CRACKER BARREL AT ROSIE'S

We hear that:

W. K. Bassett and THE CYMBAL staff had better look to their laurels and step lively what with a new rag on the stands. It's called the *Tularcitos Crier* and the first edition came out this last Wednesday. The idea was promulgated by David Hagemeyer, student teacher up at the Tularcitos School. It's a bi-monthly, handmade by typewriter at present, with J. W. Lovitt as editor-in-chief, and Daisy Jean Vasques as assistant editor. Marian Henderson does general news and circulation. It has a woman's page of fashions and social notes, a sports sheet for the male interest and current hot news for all readers. Proceeds of the sales will go to buy screens for the baseball field in order to protect the school windows when some of the future big leaguers let fly with a home run.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Haaron and daughter, Barbara Connell, have been in town all week at the B. M. Doolittles' house. Barbara is buying a new spring ensemble and getting ready for the influx of Easter-week swains, to say nothing of preparing for the rodeo-gymkhana at the Mission Ranch.

+

And speaking of the rodeo—if Drury Saunders and Jess Southerland don't get busy and shovel out that road up to the Del Monte Guest Ranch so they can attend the Friday night committee meetings they're not going to know what's going on when the great event takes place. And if all the plans that are being laid hatch—well, they'll be sorry they didn't get busy.

+

M. J. Murphy truck drivers had better watch their spares and not trust too much to the honesty of neighboring drivers. The other afternoon one of the drivers was coming up the road at a pretty good clip and the spare fell out and went careening down the road. It rolled like a hoop and wove in and out between three town-going motorists, who dodged into the side of the hill and barely missed a good collision. But Honest George McDonald retrieved the runaway and returned it to the owners.

+

The military spirit of the community is certainly spreading over the countryside. When Gen. Frank D. Lackland, commanding the First Wing, G.H.Q., came to visit Col. L. W. and "Bill" McIntosh the other day, *Mr. Puffy*, the grey and white Angora, snapped to attention, sat up on his haunches and gave the general a very dignified salute. That cat knows his superior officers.

+

Rancho Carmelo had a distinguished guest over the week-end. It was Anne Veazie of San Francisco, the 12-year-old great-grandniece of Bret Harte. True to her ancestry Anne loves the "old west." She was accompanied by her father and mother, the Rev. and Mrs. Henry P. Veazie. Mr. Veazie is pastor of the St. Francis Community Church of San Francisco. Anne hopes to ride one of the Mathiot palominos in the Mission Ranch Club rodeo parade and if she comes down for the affair she will lend decided distinction and some early-day atmosphere.

+

The sad and droopy expression on feminine faces in the valley is caused by the fact that Gene Eblin, the heart-break of the Tularcitos Ranch, has gone back to San Francisco to join the Cavalcade at the Fair.

+

The spring social season opened with a leap year party given by Marylin and Gwendolyn Bridenbecker. The event of the evening was a very fine game called "Susie Hawkins." The boys were all turned loose, given a 60-second start and then the girls took after them. (This is best done by moonlight.) Those who weren't back in ten minutes with their man were voted old-maids. Janet Graham won first prize, as she brought down her quarry in five minutes. The remainder of the evening was devoted to post office, wink, and grunt-pig-grunt. Guest list included the three Vasques girls, Marietta, Virginia and Daisy Jean, Marian Henderson, Janet Graham, Lyle Henderson, Frank Little, Dick Flemming, Leroy Layton, Jay and Junior Lovitt and Bruce Bridenbecker.

—ELLSBETH FRELLSON

+ + +

ALL SAINTS' GUILD FOOD SALE IS ON TODAY

A Spring Food Sale, under the auspices of the Guild-Auxiliary of All Saints' Church, opens at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning in the old Bank of Carmel building on Ocean avenue. Mrs. C. J. Hulsewé is the general chairman and her assistants are Mrs. H. S. McGuckin, Mrs. Carl S. Rohr, Mrs. Walter Lehmann, Mrs. B. J. Brukkers, Mrs. H. L. Selvy and Mrs. J. D. Colomy. They've planned such magnificent edibles as all sorts of angel food cakes, cooked meats, salads, and myriad forms of the ever-seductive cookie. The idea is, as we've learned from experience, to come early unless you want to be disappointed.

Kitchen gadgets, which means pot-holders, aprons, towels, etc. and etc., are in charge of Mrs. Guy Jordan, whose assistants are Miss Gail Johnson, Miss Jane Haskell and Miss Fordre Fraties.

+ + +

Improved conditions on Sacramento Valley cross routes affected by heavy rains are reported by the California State Automobile Association. The road from Williams via State Route 20 through Colusa and Meridian to Marysville is open again throughout.

TELFER WILL READ DAY'S "LIFE WITH FATHER"

"Life With Father," that delightful play from the book by Clarence Day, will be read by Ronald Telfer Saturday, Mar. 23, at the Legion Clubhouse on Dolores street. This is one of the most engaging and happiest plays that has graced Broadway for some years and there have been countless requests for a reading of it by Telfer.

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Every home furnishing need, in towels, sheets, curtains, window shades. Fine quality—excellent values. Venetian Blinds on order. Stop in and see our stock. At the corner of Dolores and Ocean Avenue.

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Re-roof now with Johns-Manville Approved Applicators Repair jobs as low as $2.50. Terms, nothing down and as low as $5.00 per month. All work fully guaranteed. Telephone Monterey 6609 or 3219

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Washing Machines

New and used washing machines of all makes for sale. Repairing on all types of washers. Authorized factory representatives for the Maytag Washer—the world's finest washing machine. 496 Alvarado Street. Telephone Monterey 5773

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Assistants

Henrietta Erickson • Clelle McAllister

Tony Van Ryper • Cynthia Klein

Sandy Burhans

ST. PATRICK'S DANCE

Tonight's St. Patrick sport dance, sponsored by the seventh grade at the Carmel Junior High, promises to be a gala affair.

In carrying out the theme of this particular festival the decorating committee has drawn a clever mural portraying St. Patrick (with a can of snake spray) and the departing snakes. Claire Warner heads this committee with Pat Tarrant, Laura Lee Koepp, Oliver Bassett, and Kathleen McAulay as assistants.

During an intermission there will be Irish dances by Wileen Jones, Ruth Funchess, Irene Erickson, Joy Melrose, Emily Noller, Patsy Lovell, Barbara McReynolds and Betty Smith. Bill Wishart and Bill Rissell are in charge of entertainment. Betsy Roeth and her committee will see that all have refreshments. The committee for Special Guests and Reception is headed by Irene Erickson.

Tickets can be bought from the following seventh-year students: Jimmy Heisinger, Irene Erickson, Betsy Roeth, Kathleen McAulay, Bill Wishart and Bill Rissell. —AVELLINE QUINN

+

WATCHING HIGH SCHOOL

Every Carmel boy or girl of junior or senior high school age is watching and waiting for the day when the new high school building will be finished. The site for the new school is now just land with holes in the ground and some pipes, but land and a few pipes are the foundations of every building. Every brick or piece of wood that goes into the building is being watched by Carmel students.

Questions such as "What subjects will we have?", "What buildings are being built?", and so on, are being asked by inquisitive boys and girls who are to go to the school next year. Otto W. Bardarson, district superintendent, states that the school will be ready in September. The first buildings will consist of five units in which there will be ten classrooms, a library, a study hall, and a conference board room. Complete courses will be offered from the start by an excellent corps of teachers, now being secured well in advance.

—MARIE ELIZALDE

+

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

At the March 11 meeting of the executive council various matters concerning the Carmel Junior High School were discussed. The profits from the Valentine Dance, after the bills were paid, were $12. The executive council is considering a suggestion by Margery Street that the unclaimed clothing in the lost and found department be sent to aid Finland. Vincent Torras, president of the student body, announced the next meeting would be held the first Friday after Easter.

—CLELLE McALLISTER

+

PATRICK PAPER

The children in the fifth grade are writing stories and poems for the Patrick Paper which is the class paper. Adele Thompson is the editor. The whole class will be reporters. Many stories are already in and the paper will be published very soon.

—PHYLLIS ABERNATHY

+

CONSTITUTION TEST

The students in the eighth grade class of the Carmel Junior High School are studying harder than ever before, preparing for the final constitution test that will be given on April 1. This is one year that April Fools day will play a joke on us.

The happy thought that reigns throughout the minds of the students is that if they don't pass the first test they will be given another try at a second test, and if they don't pass this, well . . . —IRVING WILLIAMS

+

PISTOL SHOOTING

The boys of the Carmel Junior High School basketball team were taken by Arthur C. Hull to the Carmel Pistol Club range for several hours of shooting. As none of the boys had ever shot a pistol before it was an interesting experience. Every thing was supplied and after Mr. Hull had shown the boys the fundamentals and explained the rules the boys went ahead and tried their skill. However they soon found out that shooting a pistol is not as easy as it might look. At first not many shots came near the black. After a little, though, the boys improved considerably. Howard Lockwood made the top score at 15 yards, and at 20 yards Don Staniford made the highest score. The following boys were there: Sandy Burhans, Bill Christierson, Bill Plein, Howard Lockwood, Jack Mayes, Don Staniford, Harold Albright, Don Haskens and Kenney Jones.

—SANDY BURHANS

+

CHEER LEADERS

The cheer leaders of Carmel Junior High School have received their emblems to put on their red sweaters. These emblems are a dark blue megaphone upon which is a bright red "C" with a dark blue fringe.

Pat Welsh has resigned as cheer leader and Marie Elizalde has taken her place. —TONY VAN RYPER

+

BASKETBALL

Last Monday there was a basketball game between Mrs. Phyllis Walker's ninth year class and Miss Adele Osborne's ninth year class.

The captain of Mrs. Walker's team was Martina Tait and Betty Bucklen was captain of Miss Osborne's team.

There were substitutions every quarter and in this way every girl from each home room had a chance to play.

Mrs. Walker's team beat Miss Osborne's 25-6. Outstanding players on both sides were: forward, Peggy Garguilo, who made 20 points of her team's 25; Martina Tait, center, who had good timing and quick action; Meta Gossler, forward, Betty Bucklen and Yvonne Welsh, centers, who played a good hard game. —AVEY QUINN

+

BASEBALL

Tuesday, Mar. 12, the second baseball game of a series was played at Carmel Junior High. Bob Elias' **Eagles** defeated Orval Mead's **Mud Hens** 8 to 3.

At the end of the third inning the score was tied 2 to 2. In the third inning Alex Allan hit a three bagger, knocking Jimmy Handley in, and putting the **Mud Hens** ahead. During the first of the sixth inning the **Eagles** made four runs.

—HENRIETTA ERICKSON

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SAN ANTONIO HOME—A 3-bedroom home, 2 baths and a guest house bedroom with shower. 2-car garage. 1 block from beach. Fully furnished. Ideal vacation or rental home investment. A little paint and refurnishing will make it highly desirable. Land alone is worth $4500 so that price of $8000 is really a bargain. Terms can be arranged. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. (11)

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2 lots, wooded, short walk to Post Office, each $350.
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SIX ROOM RESIDENCE. 3 bedrooms. Ocean View. Near beach. Attractive grounds and patio. 80-ft. frontage. Owner leaving, reduces price to $7,350. Terms arranged. CARMEL INVESTMENT CO., Ocean Ave., Near P.O. Tel. 63. (11)

$2500 COTTAGE—An attractive small cottage, close to town, yet in a nice home section. One bedroom in cottage and an outside sleeping room or studio. Just a little fixing up will make this one of the most livable little places in town. Terms can be arranged. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. (11)

SMALL COTTAGE, one and one-half blocks from beach. $3500 for quick sale. Secluded garden. Phone 194. (11)

LEGAL NOTICE

NOTICE OF INTENTION TO ENGAGE IN THE SALE OF ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES

March 13, 1940.

To Whom It May Concern:

Notice is hereby given that fifteen days after the date posted, the undersigned proposes to sell alcoholic beverages at these premises, described as follows:

Carmel Valley, 14 miles from Carmel, Monterey County

Pursuant to such intention, the undersigned is applying to the State Board of Equalization for issuance of an alcoholic beverage license (or licenses) for these premises as follows:

"On Sale" Beer and Wine

Anyone desiring to protest the issuance of such license(s) may file a verified protest with the State Board of Equalization at Sacramento, Calif., stating grounds for denial as provided by law. The premises are now licensed for the sale of alcoholic beverages.

(name of applicant)

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SUNNY LOCATION, nice one-bedroom house fully furnished. Two forty foot lots. For quick sale $3500. BETTY JEAN NEWELL, Dolores at Eighth. Tel. 303. (11)

5—HOUSES FOR RENT

UNFURNISHED 4-ROOM house, Santa Rita St. betw. 4th and 5th. Modern. 2 bedrooms. Sunny. View. Cosy and attractive. $40. Tel. Owner 392-R. (11)

SMALL MODERN HOUSE overlooking the sea. One bedroom. Studio. Frigidaire. Gas. Tel. 970-J. (tf)

14—ROOMS FOR RENT

TWO FURNISHED ROOMS with private entrance and garage. Tel. 760-R or write P.O. Box 675. (tf)

29—JOBS WANTED

YOUNG SINGLE WOMAN wants work one-half day, board, room, $7.50 mo. Address L-67, Cymbal office. (12)

17—FOR SALE

A $50 HARTMANN Wardrobe Trunk practically new for $25. Phone 145-W. (11)

VERY OLD SQUARE PIANO. Solid rosewood. Mother of pearl inlay above keyboard. Hand-carved legs. $500. Two solid walnut bedsteads $25 each. 419 Vine St., Paso Robles, Calif. Tel. 661. (12)

TWO FINE hotel or restaurant gas ranges for sale cheap. One with broiler attached. Tel. Monterey 7440. (tf)

18—WANTED

Miscellaneous

CLEAN, WHITE or colored rags. Must be free from lint. Preferably old sheets or pillow cases. 10¢ per lb. Carmel Press and Cymbal Office.

Dogs and Cats

S. O. S. The daughter of those famous Persian cats, Cymbal and Pine Cone, needs a husband. Any thoroughbred Persian, be he registered or not, will be gratefully accepted, and as this is Leap Year, the lady will do the visiting. Tel. 509. (11)

24—LOST AND FOUND

LOST—BLACK AND WHITE wire-haired. Male. Reward. Tel. 1274. (11)

WIDE FLEXIBLE SILVER bracelet lost somewhere in business district Thursday. Please return to Jean Ritchie Yarn Shop, Dolores and Seventh. (11)

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"Cloistered" Now At Playhouse

As a fitting prelude to the Easter season the Playhouse is offering tonight the film, "Cloistered," which reveals for the first time in 2,000 years the hidden lives and the daily rituals of cloistered nuns. Under extraordinary permission of Pope Pius XI, this remarkable film was made in a medieval Norman convent a few years ago and has made a profound impression all over the world.

"Cloistered" will close Palm Sunday night and will be followed Monday by a three-day run of "Dodsworth" with Walter Huston and Ruth Chatterton. The film is returned at the request of numerous patrons, being one of those rare perennials which can be seen again and again.

Next Thursday marks a high point in Playhouse hilarity with the delightful "Call It a Day," a four-star picture in a double sense, for the leading roles are done by Olivia de Havilland, Roland Young, Alice Brady and Ian Hunter. It will run four days.

\+ + +

G. O. P. Women Hear Griffin on State of Nation

Allen Griffin, guest speaker at Pine Inn Monday night for the Republican Women's Club, made a survey of economic conditions in this country, giving local and national examples as he went along, of Labor Unions, Relief, SEC, and National Defense.

A nominating committee was appointed with Mrs. P. A. McCreery as chairman and Mrs. Peter Hay, Mrs. Cooper Anderson, Dr. Amy Bowen Hittell and Mrs. W. Ray Moore forming the committee.

Among Republican women from other parts of the country who are visiting on the Monterey Peninsula and who were guests of the club were Mrs. C. Montague Irwin, Dr. Kate Gompertz, Miss Blanche Sawyer, Mrs. Dorothy Schneebeli, Mrs. M. M. Jordan and Miss Grayce McKay.

Mrs. Jessie S. Williamson, president of the California Council of Republican Women, Northern Division, will speak Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the Boy Scout Hall in Salinas and an invitation is extended to all Monterey Peninsula Republican women to attend.

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MOREHOUSE AWARDED FIRE INSURANCE FOR SCHOOL

Ernest Morehouse, representing the General Insurance Company, has been awarded the insurance on the five buildings now under construction in the first unit of the Carmel Junior-Senior High school plant. Morehouse quoted a rate of $1.05 per $100 valuation if the school had Carmel city fire protection or $1.70 without it. The other bidder was the Hartford Company which quoted $1.21½ with fire protection and $2.71½ without it.

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"Geronimo" at Carmel Theatre Tonight And Tomorrow; "Four Wives" Sunday

LOLA LANE, FRANK McHUGH, ROSEMARY LANE, GALE PAGE, CLAUDE RAINS, MAY ROBSON, DICK FORAN, PRISCILLA LANE and JEFFREY LYNN in "Four Wives."

"Geronimo," the story of the leader in the last great Indian uprising in which the Apaches played the principal roles, is at the Carmel Theatre tonight and tomorrow. In this conflict General Nelson A. Miles earned his spurs as commander of the United States Army forces by routing Geronimo and his Apaches. He pursued the Chief across the border into Mexico. Following the massacre of General Custer and his band by the Sioux Indians under Sitting Bull at the battle of the Big Horn, Gen. Miles defeated Sitting Bull and his tribe and compelled them to withdraw to the reservation set apart by the United States and remain on these lands in restraint ever after. Preston Foster, Andy Devine, Ralph Morgan, Gene Lockhart, Kitty Kelly, Monte Blue and many others are in the cast.

As a sequel to "Four Daughters" comes "Four Wives," appearing Sunday, Monday and Tuesday at this same theatre. The same cast, the three Lane sisters, Priscilla, Rosemary and Lola, Gale Page, Claude Rains, Jeffrey Lynn, May Robson, Frank McHugh and Dick Foran, appear in this as they did in the other.

Remember the haunting theme that John Garfield played on the piano in "Four Daughters"? It had no beginning or ending—just a middle. Thousands of letters have poured into the studio asking about that "middle" so they're going to have it in "Four Wives." It's called *Symphony Moderne* and it will be played by a 110-piece concert orchestra.

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STRING TRIO TO FEATURE MUSICAL ARTS PROGRAM

The Van Ess-MacGowan home in the Monterey Peninsula Country Club will be the meeting place of the Musical Arts Club Tuesday evening, Mar. 19. This meeting will take the place of the regular April meeting as during that month the club will present its annual concert. The program Tuesday night will be given by a string trio composed of Paul Lanini, violin; Grace Knowles, viola, and Jean Crouch, cello. They will play a four-movement *Divertimento* of Mozart, and the *Serenade, Opus 8*, consisting of eight movements, by Beethoven.

\+ + +

The Cymbal is $1 a Year.

Yale Puppeteers Here Mar. 30

In person, Saturday night, Mar. 30, Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt (Dem., Dist. of Columbia); Miss Dorothy Thompson, Orson Welles, Alexander Woollcott, Thomas Dewey and a group of fugitives from "Tobacco Road."

They may be a little wooden, as we often suspect them to be, and definitely pulled hither and yon by hidden strings, which we *know* to be so. And do they speak off the record! Ah me, were we all puppetteers, to take this small world and turn it up on our knees, as these Yale men do, and spank it where it will do the most good.

"It's a Small World," 1940 edition, with Forman Brown at the piano, as usual, and Harry Burnett at the strings as always, and the audience shaking while it laughs like a scupper full of something gelatinous.

Tickets are on sale at Spud's and get them in time, for this is once when you'll want to sit behind the curtain and be a puppet, too.

—L. S.

\+ + +

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\+ + +

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